

## SOME ODD STORIES.

INTERESTING TALES OF ADVENTURE  
ON SEA AND LAND.

**A Wild Man of the Maine Woods, Said to Be a Cannibal—In the Clutch of the Monster—He Is Smoked Out, Knocked Senseless and Captured.**

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One fall, several years ago, accompanied by Roy Lambert, I made my way into the wooded region of northern Maine, intending to spend several weeks amid the pines, the balsamic odor of which I hoped would prove beneficial to my weak lungs. Lambert is a big, healthy fellow and an enthusiastic sportsman, so he went along for the shooting he expected to find.

We selected the Moosehead region, and at Kineo we secured a guide, a wiry, dark faced half breed, his blood being a mixture of French and Indian. Wingo Joe had the reputation of knowing the northwestern portion of Maine so he could draw an accurate chart of it from memory, and he was said to be trustworthy and reliable.

When we decided to ascend Moose river to Lake Brasseur, Joe tried to dissuade us.



A HIDEOUS FACE.

"Wild man he be here," declared the half breed, shaking his head warningly. "He keel manna ze man! He do eat ze humane flesh! He see one cannibal! No go zero—no, no!"

"What's that?" cried Lambert, with sudden interest. "A cannibal? Oh, come now, Joe, that's too steep!"

The guide protested it was true, and then he took from his pocket a printed poster that offered a reward of \$200 for the capture of the wild man, who was fully described, identification of the creature being easy on account of a livid scar in the shape of a horseshoe on his left cheek just below the eye. He was "wanted" on account of two murders it was supposed he had committed.

"Well, this will add spice to the trip," laughed Lambert. "If we can capture this cannibalistic wild man, the \$200 will come pretty near defraying the expenses of this outing."

So up Moose river we went, for all of Wingo Joe's warning. We found a deserted wood hut on the northern arm of the Lake Brasseur and took possession of it. The place was pretty and convenient to the water, and we thought ourselves well fixed for a week or ten days. There was plenty of small game about, and that satisfied us for the time, although we hoped to get a pop at a bear, an Indian devil or something of the kind before the trip was ended.

I am naturally a tired man, but Lambert is indefatigable, and it was his pleasure to tramp, tramp, tramp through the woods while I often preferred to lie on my back beneath the trees and let the mysterious whispering of the breezes lull me to sleep. The third day after we reached Brasseur proved too chilly to sleep under the trees, so I took my afternoon nap in the cabin, while Lambert and Joe went for a tramp through the woods.

I must have been asleep two hours, when I was suddenly awakened by feeling a clutch of iron on my throat. I opened my eyes to see a hideous face close to my own, the expression upon it being more fiendish than anything I had ever imagined. The eyes of the creature seemed to fairly burn, and he licked his lips with his tongue as some wild animal might. His teeth were yellow and snaggy, while beneath his left eye was the crimson horseshoe scar.

I knew in an instant that I was in the power of the wild man, and I made a desperate attempt to sit up and break away. Then I found I was like a babe in his hands. He growled and snarled like an animal all the time I was trying to throw him off, but I could see he did not have the least trouble in handling me.

The creature was so dirty that an unpleasant odor came from his body, which was covered by filthy hair. His clothes were composed of the untanned skins of animals, and they but partially concealed his frame.

Never before in all my life had I been so frightened, for the strength of the creature showed me how helpless I really was. I ceased to struggle only when I was completely exhausted, and then he swiftly bound my hands and feet, making me utterly helpless. After this was done he went over to the fireplace and scraped some coals from the ashes. In a few minutes he had a fire started.

I watched him, wondering what he meant to do, knowing well enough that he concerned me in some way. Every now and then he would glance at me, and he ran his tongue over his lips each time he did so. There was something so greedy and savage in those glances that my blood was frozen. However, after a time I managed to ask: "What do you mean to do with me?"

He produced a long butcher knife, and after feeling of the edge grunted: "Hungry—fire—roast—eat—um—much good!"

Then he approached me with the evident intention of cutting my throat with that knife. I uttered a cry of terror and kicked out with my bound feet. He was struck in the stomach and sent flat. Before he could rise I heard a thud on the roof, and then the hut began to fill with smoke from the fire. By the time the wild man got upon his feet the smoke was so dense we could hardly breathe.

With a snarl the creature rushed for the door, which he had fastened after entering. Ripping it open, he leaped outside. Then I heard a heavy blow and a fall, followed by Lambert's voice crying exultantly: "I've got him, Joe! Quick—we'll tie him!"

"Make him fast!" I yelled. "He has the strength of a Samson!"

Make him fast they did, and then my friend came in and set me free. He had knocked the wild man senseless with a terrible blow that would have fractured the skull of an ordinary person.

Lambert soon explained how they happened to appear at such an opportune moment. They were returning to the cabin, when my friend decided to try the fishing in a little cove of the lake, and he sent Joe for his tackle. The guide saw the wild man when he entered the hut, and he ran back to tell Lambert. They both came up and found the door fastened. Then Joe, with the greatest craft, climbed a tree and dropped on the roof, where he immediately spread himself over the top of the chimney, causing the room to fill with smoke and driving the wild man out. Lambert crouched by the door and knocked the creature over.

We delivered him up to the authorities and received the offered reward. He afterward died in a madhouse, raving for a taste of human flesh.

**A Spartan.**

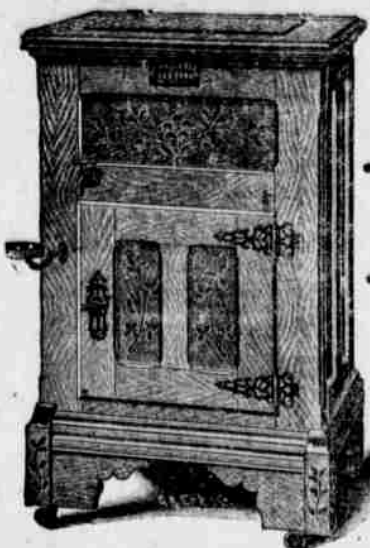
She—Un—un—hand me, sir! Oh, George, have I broken your heart?

He—No. Only the crystal of my watch, but it was worth it.—Truth.

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A Choice Assortment of

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Per Australia.

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Oyster Cocktails a Specialty.

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A FEW OF OUR SPECIALTIES.

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We are equipped for work of all kinds in the Sheet Metal and Plumbing Trade, and can guarantee thorough workmanship and first class materials in these lines.

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Old Kona Coffee

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J. T. WATERHOUSE'S

Queen Street Stores

## General Advertisements.

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"STAR!"

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every person in the community—man,

woman or child—who is able to read and

who desires to keep in touch with the spirit of this

progressive age and wishes to be posted as to events

of interest which are continually happening at home

and abroad, on land and sea."

The STAR is a new paper and has introduced

Californian methods of journalism into Hawaii, where,

before its advent, the Massachusetts newspaper tra-

ditions of 1824 held sway. It has three prime objects:



To support the cause of Annexation of Hawaii

to the United States and assist all other movements,

political, social or religious, which are of benefit to

these Islands and their people.

To print all the news of its parish without fear

or favor, telling what goes on with freshness and

accuracy, suppressing nothing which the public has

the right to know.

To make itself indispensable to the family circle

by a wise selection of miscellaneous reading matter.



As a commentator the STAR has never been

accused of unworthy motives.

As a reporter the STAR has left no field of local

interest uncleaned.

As a friend of good government the STAR has

been instant in service and quick to reach results.

As an advertising medium the STAR, from the

week of its birth, has been able to reach the best

classes of people on all the Islands.



—Compare the daily table of contents with that

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50 Cents

A Month

In Advance.

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always up to the times in quality, styles and prices.

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a full assortment to suit the various demands.

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made expressly for Island work with extra parts.

## CULTIVATORS' CANE KNIVES.

## Agricultural Implements,

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it is not possible to list everything we have; if there is anything

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From Hilo to the Volcano—30 Miles,

Passengers are Conveyed in Carriages,

TWENTY-TWO MILES,

Over a SPLENDID MACADAMIZED ROAD, running most of the

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